

The Abbey Church, now an exquisite ruin, dates from 1128, and still affords a sanctuary to insolvent debtors.

The wynds and closes of the ancient town, once the abodes of the Scottish nobility, are now the squalid lairs of misery and vice. Once high-born dames and knightly men, banquetted in carved chambers, now the degraded purlieus of poverty and crime. Some of these have still interesting historic associations, as the houses of the Duke of Gordon, of Earl Moray, Hume, Boswell, Walter Scott, and others of distinguished name and fame. I penetrated some of the grim closes, which surpassed aught I ever saw of squalidness, and was glad to find myself safely out again.

The churchyard of old Gray Friars is an epitome of Scottish history. On the broad flat stone shown in the cut on page 68, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, 1638, and on Martyrs' Monument one reads, "From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until Feb. 18th, 1668, there was executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, the most of whom lie here." Nourished by such costly libations, the tree of liberty took root and flourished strong and fair. The tomb of "Bluidy Mackenzie," of sinister memory, still exerts its malign spell upon the belated urchin as he slinks past.

While visiting the antiquarian museum, I had the great and unexpected pleasure of meeting a fellow-townsmen, Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, with his two charming daughters—the only persons that I had ever seen before that I met in a four months' tour. I gladly accepted the cordial invitation to join his party, and we drove again to Holyrood, the Canon-gate, the Cemetery in which lie the bodies of Drs. Duff, Candlish, Chalmers, Guthrie, Hugh Miller, and many other of Scotland's greatest sons; and Calton Hill, with its magnificent panorama of cliff and crag, and strath and frith, and its noble group of monuments. A grizzly blue-bonneted cicerone pointed out, with broad Doric comments, St. Leonard's Crags, the home of Davie Deans, the moss-hags of Jennie's midnight tryst, St. Anthony's Chapel, and Arthur's Seat, like a grim couchant lion, one of the most majestic objects I ever saw.

#### DON'T TOUCH THE BOWL.

BY R. ALDEN BRACE.

**D**ON'T touch the bowl, my darling boy,  
Each sparkling drop is fraught with woe,  
The fee of every future joy,  
Of every noble deed the foe.

Don't touch the bowl, thou dost not know  
How small, how weak, how frail thou art;  
Thou dost not know how strong the foe  
That seeks the ruin of thy heart.

Don't touch the bowl, though friends unite  
And press thee hard with them to go;  
Resist the wrong, stand for the right,  
And firmly, sternly, answer no.

Don't touch the bowl, there's danger there,  
"Hands off" I label every bowl,  
"Hands off," 'twill lead thee to despair,  
'Twill ruin body, mind, and soul.

Don't touch the bowl, 'tis liquid hell  
And deep damnation surges there;  
Ten thousand fiends in fury yell  
To greet each soul that enters there.

Don't touch the bowl, beware, beware,  
Ere thou art bound with cruel chains;  
Ere thou the drunkard's hell shall share  
And writhe in everlasting pains.

#### THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.



**D**ON'T know what the old man said about it, but Dan said it was the longest, and Dan was certainly the one who understood

the matter best.

It began like other days, only there was a heavy fog, and Dan knew that it was bad weather for haying, and tip-top for fishing. He made up his mind to go fishing. Perhaps if his mind had not been already made up he would not have minded it so much when his father said at the breakfast table. "We must get the scythes in good order, so's to take a fair start at the lower meadow to-morrow. Don't let me have to waste time hunting after you, Daniel, when I'm ready."

Daniel's appetite was gone. How he hated to turn that heavy, creaking old grindstone. He went around by the sink drain, and dug his bait; he examined his fishing-pole; he put up his lunch, he even tied a worm on the hook, and then he wandered disconsolately around, wishing grindstones had never been invented.

He went to the end of the garden, and leaned sulkily over the low stone wall, eating the half-ripe harvest apples, and throwing the cores spitefully away. Down the road a few rods lay the mill-pond, and in the middle of the road near by stood Deacon Skinner's horse and chaise.

Old Whitey had his nose down, and one leg crooked in a meditative fashion. The Deacon was over in the field, making a bargain with Solomon Murray for some young cattle. What fun it would be to start the old horse up, and set him trotting home! Dan could almost hit him with an apple core. He tried two or three, just to see, and then he picked a smooth round stone from the wall, and sent it singing through the air.

Old Whitey brought up his nose with a jerk, straightened his fore-leg, and started off at a brisk trot, the chaise-top tilting and pitching back and forth.

Dan laughed—at least the laugh began to grow, when he caught one glimpse of a frightened little face at the chaise window, and knew that Nanny Dane, the Deacon's little lame grandchild, was in the chaise.

It was only a glimpse, and then the bank of gray fog swallowed Whitey and the chaise, and it seemed to Dan that they had gone straight into the mill-pond.

"Daniel! Daniel! Come on now, and be sry about it!" called his father, as he moved towards the grindstone; and Dan obeyed.

Round and round and round; his tough little hands were blistered on the handle, but he did not know it; his mouth and throat were as dry as the stone, but he did not think of it. "Crrr-crrr-crrr," rang the rough, wearisome noise, until his ears were so deafened he did not even hear it. For he was perfectly sure he had killed little Nanny Dame. What would people say? What would they do to him? Hang him, of course; and Dan felt in his heart that he deserved it, and that it would be almost a satisfaction.

"There," said his father at last, "I reckon that'll do, Daniel. You've been faithful and stiddy at your work, and now you may go fishing."

Dan never knew how he got to Long Pond, or how he passed the slow hours of that dismal day. The misery seemed intolerable, and before evening he had made up his mind that he could bear it no longer. He would go home and tell his father, he would tell every body. They might hang him, they might do anything they pleased.

Tramping desperately home with his empty basket in his hand, he heard the sound of wheels behind him, dragging slowly through the deep sand. Perhaps that was the Sheriff coming to arrest him. Dan's heart beat harder, but he did not look around. The wheels came nearer; they stopped, and some one said:

"Hullo, Daniel! been fishin'? Fisherman's luck, hey? Well, jump in here, and I'll give ye a lift."

Before Dan knew it he was over the wheel and sitting beside Deacon Skinner in the old chaise, with Whitey switching his tail right and left as he plodded along.

"Git up, Whitey," urged the Deacon; "it's getting along toward chore-time. Whitey aint so sry as he used to be, but he's amazin' smart. This mornin' I left little Nanny in the sbay while I was making a dicker with Solomon Murray, and a keerless thing it was to do, but I'd as soon expected the meetin'-house to run away as Whitey. I reckon something must have scart him; but he just trotted off home as stiddy as if I'd been driving, and waited at the door for mother to come and get Nanny before he went to the barn."

"Oh, Deacon Skinner," burst out Dan, "it was me; I scart Whitey."

"Did ye now, sonny? Well, there wuzn't any harm done, and I know ye didn't mean to."

"I did, I did," said Dan, sobbing violently from the long strain of excitement. "I didn't know Nanny was in the chaise, and I threw a stone at him"

"Well, well," said the Deacon, rubbing his stubby chin, and looking curiously at Dan. "Beats all what freaks boys will take, but I know ye won't do it agin'."

"I never will," said Dan, solemnly. "This has been the awfulest longest day that ever was in the world."—*Harper's Young People.*

#### "THANK YOU" AND "PLEASE."

**I**T is a grand thing to be associated with men and women trying to make drunkards sober. I went to a little mission chapel in New York, and the speakers, of whom there were many, were allowed only a minute each. One woman said in that minute what thrilled me through and through: "The love of Jesus has made my husband and myself manly. We used to swear at one another, and now we say, 'Thank ye' and 'Please.'" I tell you, the preaching of infidelity and of all the scientists cannot produce an effect like that in one hundred years nor yet in five hundred years.—*John B. Gough.*

A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dewdrop on the baby plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever.

#### DEAD IN THE NEST.

(From an Epitaph in an English Cathedral.)  
BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

**S**HE lay in her cradle, sweet and fair,  
With smiling lips like a daisy's bloom,  
A cloud of lace on the silk-white hair,  
And slumber veiling her eyes' soft gloom.

A dew-drop gleamed on the blue-veined brow,  
Where priestly fingers the cross had signed,  
The tearful token of many a vow  
That baby spirit to guard and bind.

Still she slept, for the rite was done,  
The choral hushed and the prayers all said,  
The life for Heaven on earth begun,  
The chrismal dews on her forehead shed.

One by one the sponsors came,  
Gifts of price at her feet to lay—  
A golden cup, with the sweet new name;  
A string of pearls for the baby's day;

Ermine mantle and robe of silk,  
Thick and heavy with brodered show;  
And silver bells, as white as milk,  
Frosted like lilies all a-row;

Carven coral and filmy lace;  
Velvet shoes for the tiny feet;  
Babies to stare in the baby's face,  
With silent smiles for her laughter sweet.

Deiress she of a lineage proud,  
Tender bud of a stately tree;  
Over her cradle bend and crowd  
Lord and lady of high degree.

Gift on gift in her nest they lay,  
Knight, and squire, and priest, and nun,  
Till the christening guests are all away  
And earth is red with the setting sun.

"Still she sleeps?" 'Tis the mother calls,  
"Still, my lady; nor sound nor sigh."  
Ah! through the lofty castle-walls,  
Rings a sudden and fearful cry.

Yes, she sleeps! in her hour of pride,  
Crushed by splendors above her spread;  
Of heavy treasures the child hath died,  
Stifled and cold in her gorgeous bed.

Sleeps she now forever and aye,  
Long ago did the legend bloom;  
The baby blossom who died that day  
Is but dust in a lordly tomb.

Yet the story lives o'er and o'er;  
Still as the swift years onward roll,  
Earth's heaped riches have crushed far more  
Many and many a living soul!

#### A SHORT MEMORY.

**P**RESIDENT Arthur has a wonderful memory for faces. At one time he travelled in a railroad car for a few miles with a physician who was carrying a brother to some kind of an asylum. Seven years afterward he met the doctor, called him by name, and inquired for the brother. In this particular the President is quite unlike the celebrated anecdote: "When the great Jonathan Edwards was out riding one day a little boy opened a gate for him. 'Whose boy are you, my little man?' asked the great theologian. 'Noah Clarke's boy, sir,' was the answer. On the return of Edwards soon after, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him again. The great theologian thanked him, and asked: 'Whose boy are you, my little man?' to which the urchin replied: 'Noah Clarke's boy, sir; the same man's boy. I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir.'